

Here's the



SAYS
THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 14 • No. 11

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 14, 1941

FIVE CENTS

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM?

"Why are you always painting out—how about painting in sometime?"

So they say. We have a pigment job that perhaps will please them. These street signs! It is maybe that they are atrocious because of the paint on them—the common, street-sign paint. Let's try a dark brown, with the words in tan on it. That would relieve the odium of them, perhaps.

STAFF CHANGE

Marjorie Warren, who has been with The Cymbal for the last three years to The Cymbal's delight if, at times, to her own travail and the weariness of mighty hard work, is leaving us to join the Del Monte press bureau. This would be a blow too great for us to withstand, along with other difficulties, if it were not for the fact that her place is being taken by Kathryn Winslow. Even Marjorie will admit there's a deal of compensation in getting Kathryn.

You are to ask for Miss Winslow or, as she would prefer it, Kathryn, now where you have previously asked for Mrs. Warren or Marjorie.

It is to be most definitely remembered, too, that Elizabeth Houghton is on The Cymbal staff, also to our great satisfaction and, although you may not know how much, to yours.

WE ARE AGAINST ANY BUILDING ON PARK

The Cymbal is unequivocally opposed to the construction of a city hall, a jail, or any building of any kind on the city park at Ocean and Mission.

We are surprised that the present council, with a record up to this time of safe-guarding what has been and is Carmel, should even contemplate the destruction of the one single open space left to the community in the center of the city.

It is absurd to declare that the proposal means only the use of part of the park, leaving, as the advocates say, the greater portion of it as a beautiful front-yard for a municipal building.

That park is only 130 feet in width from Ocean avenue to Sixth street. What kind of a building, accommodating any appreciable part of the business departments of the city, could be constructed "on the Sixth street side" and leave anything but a patch of grass in front of it? Construction of a first unit would mean the eventual disappearance of the park. Dip into it once and resistance to further encroachments would be broken down.

The city has other municipal property. The street department's equipment yard at the corner of Seventh and Mission could be used for the police department and a jail and a city hall could be built on the Forest Theater property, 15 lots on which now, it appears, has been expended money that will never be of any use to the community in its intended purpose. This may seem to be sacrilege—this, dubious attitude regarding the future of the Forest Theater, but even in the good old days, the Carmel weather made use

(Continued on Page Two)

Carmel Votes on School Bonds Thursday

Z. L. Potter Says Bonds for School Will Carry

Zenas L. Potter, chairman of the Committee for Completion of the Carmel High School, today predicted that the bond issue would carry if those who favored completion of the school turned out to vote next Thursday, Mar. 20.

"Careful canvas of registered voters indicates," he said, "that enough favor completion of the high school to insure passage of the bonds, if only people will get out to vote. We anticipate a total vote of between 1000 and 1200, and we know that over 800 favor completion of the high school. If they do their duty as citizens, our young people will not be handicapped next year as they have been during the present school term. But there is quite a group of voters who hate taxes more than they like our boys and girls, or who have thought up other reasons why they oppose the bond issue. And the high school cannot be completed, unless two people vote for its completion, to every one opposed. This puts a special obligation upon every voter who likes

(Continued on Page Eleven)

Telfer Will Read Best Seller at Legion Hall

Ronald Telfer is coming down next week-end from San Francisco to read the Isabel Scott Rorick best seller, "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat," at American Legion Clubhouse Saturday night.

The record of a happy marriage is bound to be a comedy. And so it is. Telfer may be counted on to vault between the quotes with that inimitable ability of his. But just to remind us that badinage and conubial combat is not the whole of life, he will also read "The White Cliffs," that farewell to Dover which Alice Duer Miller wrote and Lynn Fontanne made memorable over the radio not so long ago.

Tickets are 50 cents and can be purchased from Legion Auxiliary members or at Staniford's. The time is 8:30 p.m., March 22.

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ASK THE PRINCIPAL OPONENTS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL BONDS HOW MANY CHILDREN THEY HAVE IN SCHOOL IN CARMEL.

CITIZENS TO DECIDE WHETHER \$150,000 SHALL BE RAISED TO COMPLETE PLANT ON HILL

ELECTION DAY TRANSPORTATION

The Committee for Completion of the Carmel High School announces that it will be prepared on election day, next Thursday, Mar. 20, to provide transportation to the polls for any voter who wishes it. Just call Carmel 860-W. The polls will be open from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. at the Sunset School and all who can are advised to vote in the morning. It is anticipated that more than 1000 ballots will be cast which means that people will have to vote at the rate of 100 a hour, more than one a minute. There probably will be great congestion during the afternoon, so early voting is advised.

For transportation to the polls, either morning or afternoon, call Carmel 860-W.

Citizens of the Carmel School District go to the polls Thursday, March 14, to decide on whether or not a bond issue shall be floated to raise the sum of \$150,000 to complete the construction of the Carmel High School plant at the top of the Ocean Avenue Hill.

The polls, only at Sunset School, will be open from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.

There has been much late activity on the part of the proponents of the bond issue and high school students who are lending their time and artistic ability in the endeavor to carry the election. The students have drawn and colored posters which they have placed all about town and Mrs. Millard Klein, chairman of the election day committee, is organizing her forces to bring out a big vote. A two-thirds majority is required to pass the bonds.

There will be open house at the Carmel High School this Sunday from 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon until 5:30 and the public is invited to inspect the half-finished plant, to see what has been done so far and what it is very essential should be done.

Suzanne Watson, Henrietta Erickson, Leila Whitaker and Sandy Hook of the Student Body will have charge of conducting the visitors over the plant.

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Alec Templeton Here March 29

Alec Templeton will return to Carmel in concert Saturday, Mar. 29. Kit Whitman is bringing him here again, and again Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton will hold a reception in their home afterwards.

At 30, Alec Templeton is the greatest genius in the modern entertainment world because of his priceless interpretative and creative talents, both serious and comic. For instance, he appeared twice in the same season at Philadelphia's famous Robin Hood Dell, and he's the only artist in its 11-year history who has ever done it. Last July 7000 patrons attended his first performance there and the second appearance a month later Templeton broke all Dell records with 13,000 paid admissions and 3,500 people turned away.

It will probably be the same story in Carmel. When he was here last spring it was a good house and people loved him. This time we predict S.R.O. Tickets are on sale at the Carmel Art Institute and at Lia's Music Shop in Carmel.

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IT'S GOING TO BE HARD TO LOOK A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT IN THE FACE IF YOU VOTE AGAINST THE BONDS.

THE CYMBAL STILL LEADS THE FIELD IN JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING

The Cymbal may be a bit sick in body, but its continued virility in mind and heart frightens even us who constitute its corporeal existence.

We have given too many hours, too many days, too many months, too many years to bringing joy and light and, yes, understanding into our lives through its creation and, as we have done it, bringing joy and light and understanding into the lives of the people of this community—to think of quitting now.

We have been living hard these past four years in the columns of this newspaper. We are living even harder in the columns of the issue you are this minute holding in your hands. It is barely possible that when we write the glowing history of the CARMEL CYMBAL for the archives of the Congressional Library at Washington there will be one page that will stand out in a type of blood red. It will be the page on which we tell of this glorious week, a week made glorious by the dismal, lurid smoke of a fire that consumed part of us, but died in an effort to consume us all or stifle the breath that is our being.

THE CYMBAL is here; here to stay forever and a day; here because it has a reason, a purpose, a policy of self-gratification for those who create it and, as a rebound or a reflex, gratification for those who read it.

THE CYMBAL goes forth this week with still the largest net paid circulation of any weekly in Monterey County, the only kind of a circulation that is worth a tinkers dam to the paper itself, to those who read it and those who advertise in it. Incidentally, we have, for this issue the largest net paid circulation we have ever had. Since last Friday morning 15 new paid subscriptions have come into the office. More renewals of subscriptions were received in these last seven days than have been in any period of the same length in the paper's history, with the exception of during last December when the announcement of the raise in subscription rate was made. And, for a newspaper that has become accustomed to expressed encomiums we are forced to admit that we have blushed this week at the volumes of praise and good wishes we have received.

We are having difficulty, true, in moving our right leg; our left arm is a bit sore at the elbow; there is a tinge of indigestion around our diaphragm and the female part of us may complain of troubles characteristic of the sex, but the heart of us, the spirit of us, and that brilliant brain of us—they are functioning with a renewed flame.

—W. K. R.

Monterey Symphony To Give Concert on Monday, Mar. 24

A program of Beethoven, Strauss, Wagner, Massenet and Waldteufel will be heard on the initial concert of the newly organized Monterey Symphony Orchestra, at Monterey High School Gymnasium, Monday, March 24 at 8:15 p.m.

Musicians belong to the communities throughout all parts of the county, bringing to the project the best talents available. Much of this fine ability has been without focus so that this organization has become an opportunity to express the music-loving ambitions of those banded together now to create a worthwhile enterprise.

Twenty-two have come from Monterey, 20 from Salinas, 8 from Carmel, 7 from Pacific Grove, 1 from Castroville and 2 from Gonzales.

Abinante's Music Store and Staniford's Drug Store have the tickets on sale at 50c. They may also be obtained from members of the orchestra.

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Legion Auxiliary Asks Members To Register for Emergency Defense

American Legion Auxiliary members are asked to register at the Legion Hall tomorrow from 3:30 to 5 in the afternoon and from 7 to 8 in the evening. The purpose is to organize for emergency calls which may arise in the course of national defense.

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IT'S JUST AS THE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS SAY—YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO LIVE IN HALF A HOUSE.

of the amphitheatre problematic at all times.

We have always fought for the Forest Theatre, but if keeping it sacred means the loss of our one city park, we say, blasphemously, the hell with it.

What should be done on the city park is the installation of a number of benches permitting its use by the carcass as well as by the optic nerves.

But to destroy it completely by making it the site of a municipal building—that, we consider, is dead wrong.

WE OWE IT TO OUR CHILDREN TO FINISH THEIR HIGH SCHOOL

The people of the Carmel School District should go to the polls next Thursday and by a decided vote, greatly in excess of the two-thirds necessary, place their O.K. on the bonding of the district in the sum of \$150,000 for the purpose of completing the Carmel High School plant.

We can see no good or reasonable argument against the bonds. It is not a question of how much will be added to the individual tax bill (the amount for a taxpayer even in the higher brackets is not a great deal); it is not a question of the personnel of the school board, or of the school faculty, or of war conditions, or of a dubious world future. It is purely and simply a question of the immediate welfare of children who day by day are lessening the period in which they will be children.

It is expedient and necessary that we provide those children with an education, a complete education. If we are to consider the question of an unsettled world as a factor in our decision on the bonds, most assuredly our decision should be in favor of furthering the education of children who so shortly must face that world, whatever it may turn out to be.

And we owe them this facility for secondary school education because we have, most definitely, defrauded them. Perhaps it was not our fault, perhaps it was the fault of the Federal government which failed to grant us the money we needed and which, in our original plans for a high school of our own, we expected. Anticipating this assistance from the government we drew the plans and specifications for a complete high school plant, a \$300,000 high school plant. We provided about half the money necessary to build it and, in all confidence, we asked the United States government for the other half.

Contemplating all this we had previously and with ardent withdrawn our children from the privileges—full education privileges of the Monterey Union High School District. We set up a district of our own and said to our high school children: "Come back home for your education. We'll provide a high school for you."

And then we didn't. We provided for them only half a high school and that's what they have today.

It isn't their fault that the government turned us down on the PWA loan. It isn't their fault that they have been taken from a complete school plant and put into an incomplete one.

And it will not be their fault if we send them forth from that half-a-plant on-equipped to meet the terrible problems, both physical and mental, that the future looks so terribly like it's going to stack up for them.

They, the children, can do nothing about this thing, other than plead with us to do something about it. They cannot vote, they cannot raise the money necessary for completing

their school. They are helpless and, in this case, they are our helpless victims.

It seems to The Cymbal that it is a shameful thing for any man or woman voter in the Carmel School District to vote against these bonds. It seems to us that it shows a deliberate unfriendliness to the children of the district.

And we consider it significant that, contemplating the individuals, who are openly against the bonds and courageously (sic) talking against them, we find that the great majority of the "No" votes will be cast by those who have no children in the Carmel High School or in the lower grades which lead to the high school.

For some reason or other we find that doubly shameful.

AN EXPLANATION

The Cymbal appears this week through the courtesy and kindness of Bill Gould, owner of The Tide in Pacific Grove. He is gladly permitting our type-setter to use one of his machines. We have been able to retain all our mechanical equipment except the Intertype which now reposes a block up the street. (Incidentally, we want to ask the forgiveness of Ruth Taft and Effie Chapman for being the indirect cause of the disruption of their real estate office while our equipment was being moved through their office into its new quarters.) The Cymbal forms this week and all hand-set matter, in paper text and ads, were made up in our own quarters here, the paper printed on our own press, folded and trimmed by our own equipment as usual. Bill Gould has offered us the use of his type-setting machine for as long as we need it.

But if God should strike Bill Gould dead tomorrow, or harden his heart, The Cymbal would continue to appear. Last Friday's issue had barely deposited itself over the Carmel hill before we received offers of unlimited help from Monterey. Paul Zaches and Harry Rains of the Herald Printers and Publishers offered to put their equipment at our disposal, the type-setters on the Peninsula Herald itself offered to help. Milus Gay of the Trader telephoned to say that we could call on him for any help we might need.

Carmel printers also showed their fine spirit. When they learned that Bill Gould had offered us the use of his machine they demonstrated brotherly concern for him by warning him against any financial dealings with The Cymbal's owner. Last week's events prepared us, of course, for this sort of splendid cooperation on the part of our home-town brethren of the ink.

The Cymbal makes a different appearance today, of course, because our body-type and Vogue head-type went out the back door with our composing machine—pardon the "our" but it's become a habit, what with our \$1000 still in the neat little contraption.

The headlines we are using are those available on the Tide's typesetting machine.

We have enough of our very good-looking paper stock for this issue and the next, and then we shall use good old

news-print. This breaks our heart because we have been ridiculously proud of The Cymbal printed on book paper. It was perhaps the pride that went before the stumble.

It is possible that you would like to know what has developed in the matter of the fast one that was put over on us last week.

The Intertype's smart representative, Ben Black, who made bloodless thing out of a big corporation because he was intent on giving his friend, Walter Cook of the Pine Cone Press, a \$5000 machine for \$4000, was at our back door bright and early Friday morning and, with the aid of a workman from San Francisco, began dismantling and removing our Intertype. He only moved it a block, as we expected, and it stood for several hours at the curb in front of the Pine Cone office before it finally disappeared within the building.

On advice of counsel and several members of the printing trade on the Peninsula, men who knew every detail of the matter, we sent a copy of our "tearful" story in last week's Cymbal, together with a letter of introduction, to Mr. Neal Bow Becker, president of the Intertype Corporation, in New York. It was Mr. Becker, if you remember, who wrote us a congratulatory letter which we published last November. In it he said:

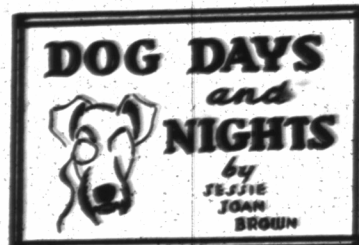
"You are obviously doing an outstanding job with The Cymbal. I cannot recall ever having seen a weekly newspaper as well gotten up in typography, paper and press work; and the whole character of the publication is distinctly high class. Applause and best wishes."

It was such a nice letter, we thought, and some of my brother printers did, that it would be nice to let him know how his man out here, Ben Black, had treated us.

Which reminds us that there was brought to us last Saturday the information that a couple of Carmel businessmen had expressed the good old thought: "Business is business and Bassett got what was coming to him because he didn't pay." I would remind them that I had paid \$200 on the notes only a month ago and, last Monday, had \$235 to pay, bringing them up to date. That money was virtually refused through Black's completely ignoring me and keeping away from my office because he was intent on giving Walter Cook my \$1000 equity in my Intertype. And Walter Cook knew, and I am sorry to say, the owners of the Pine Cone knew of this intention in time to have warned me and permitted me to save my machine.

A pleasant surprise was the action of the American Type Founders, who were informed by the Intertype Corporation's San Francisco office of its intention to take my machine. The American Type representative rushed down here, talked with me, got the undercurrent about town and went back to San Francisco. "It is not our policy to put a man out of business; to leap on him when he is down," he said. "We'll give you time."

So, we have all our job



The entire canine contingent at Hollow Hills Farm led by Joel and Maetel, the dachshunds, turned out en masse last week to welcome home their master, Noel Sullivan, who returned from a trip East. Among the presents Mr. Sullivan brought back was a handsome coat for Joel. It was brown and beige and embroidered around it were the words, "I Am An American." Joel was delighted with it but when he tried it on, it was too small. His lovely little wife, Maetel, tried it on and it was too small for her, too. So they presented it to their eldest child, Sonny, and he is the proudest dachshund in these parts just now, because of the coat—and the inscription it bears.

While Mr. Sullivan was away, Joel, Maetel, and their four children, Sonny, Soula Mae, Liesel, and Frieda, grew very fond of Marius Brenn, a young man who was a guest at Hollow Hills Farm. They showered him with attentions followed him around wherever he went, and even slept on the foot of his bed, all six of them. But when their master returned home, they forgot their new friend, that is, all of them except Maetel. She still has a great fondness for Marius, and he has a great fondness for her.

Trelawny Jeffers' friends are chuckling over the fact that while his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Jeffers, are away, he is enjoying deluxe accommodations at a local canine hostelry, while Donnan and Garth have to fend for themselves at "Tor House."

Lucy Lockert Whitman is back in the village once more after a lengthy stay at "Coarse Gold." Kit and Colden Whitman's place near Yosemite — and she is a changed person. Before she went away Lucy was one of our most blasé sophisticates, whose most strenuous exercise was an occasional argument about "Art." But not any more. Lucy is a regular tomboy now. The interesting and exciting life she led up at "Coarse Gold" has given her a

printing and newspaper-producing equipment still intact. We just have to shop around for a type-setting machine, but in the meantime The Cymbal Press, printers, will carry on, as The Cymbal, still a glorified newspaper, will definitely carry on.

Enough of this, let's to the newspaper.

—W. K. B.

new personality. In fact, she is bored here already. She finds it much too quiet and dull for her recently acquired taste for rip, roaring fun up there in the hills.

The Protective League For The Underdog elects for honorary membership, Oliver Bassett, who risked his life the other day to rescue Bridget Short from the Carmel River. The League is very proud of Oliver's brave action in helping a friend in distress.

A nice, shiny medal for Oliver Bassett!

Canis Minor Sears has turned turtle—he carries his house along with him wherever he goes. Of course he doesn't carry it on his back in accepted turtle-fashion because the house is really a leather case with a zipper on the side, and Canis curls up in it, and his mistress, Millicent Sears, carries the case by the handle, suitcase-fashion.

Canis finds the house-case a great convenience when he is traveling around the country. When he gets tired he just unzips the side of the case and hops in, his mistress zips it up again, and there is Canis, all snuggled up inside as snug as a bug.



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NOTICE — [Information]

J. D. RESETYLO, TAILOR
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HAS MOVED

from his former location in "Drive-In" Market to 135 Franklin Street, Room 308 on Second Floor, Between Alvarado and Main.
DIFFICULT ALTERATIONS — THE KIND YOUR CLEANER DOES NOT MAKE

P. S.—I Have no Telephone—The Cost is Too High

Dr. Reinhardt in Inspirational Talk At Carmel Forum

Inspirational, as always, Dr. Henry Reinhardt, president of Mills College, spoke last Tuesday evening as guest of the Carmel Forum.

Great woman that she is, her enthusiasm for youth provides that resurgent tide often necessary to beach some of the debris many of us float with, especially when the water is over our heads. Dr. Reinhardt believes in youth, she has faith in young women. She spoke of increasing opportunities for the intelligence to see our way through without muddling. There are conflicts all through life, personal conflicts that loom as important as national strife. These we must be trained to meet, and to do our best only as we have trained ourselves to use our minds and not our emotions.

Pleasantly discoursing of her travels, her own life in some measure, and of her sons, the speaker encouraged her large audience to venture some clear thought of their own. However, Dr. Reinhardt has had many years of imperturbable clarity. It takes a lot of living to learn that where strong swimmers fear to wade, the water-wingers dive in promptly.

We can't all be president of Mills' College.

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Mrs. George Stuart To Review Her Own Book

"Piang, the Moro Chieftain," Mrs. George Stuart's recently published book which won the approval of the Junior Literary Guild, will be reviewed by the author at the next meeting of the Book Section of the Carmel Woman's Club, which will be Wednesday, 10:30 at La Ribera.

Section chairman, Mrs. Clay Otto, announces that the adventurous Philippine background of the book, particularly Mrs. Stuart's experiences there, will add a wanderlust touch for which we may all well be begging now with spring appetites.

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Holy Communion at All Saints Sunday

Next Sunday the service of the Holy Communion will be held at 8 a.m., at All Saints' Church. At 9:30 a.m. the Church School convenes, and at 11 a.m. begins the Service of Morning Prayer with a sermon message delivered by the Rev. C. J. Hulsewe. The offertory anthem will be W. S. Bennett's "God is a Spirit." Organ numbers will include two Chorales by Mendelssohn. On Thursdays during Lent, at 4 p.m. there will be evening prayer. A study and discussion class will meet each Friday at 10:45 a.m. in the Parish House on "The Parables of Jesus."

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Dr. Edwin Parlow, former professor of history in Ohio State University, and author of the book, "Man's Greatest Adventure," was a houseguest in the home of Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams the last week. He is on his way to San Francisco to join his daughter, Gertrude Parlow.

William Titmus, assistant postmaster of Carmel 15 years ago, has been transferred from Oceanside post office to Pacific Grove where he has assumed his new duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave DePackh have returned to Carmel after a winter pleasure and buying trip and will open their wood-carving shop on the Seven Arts Court immediately.

40-Year-Old Auto Now in Carmel

Question: Why is it that airport manager, A. H. Walker, who trades in speed, collects vehicles that were invented when ten miles an hour meant "hold your hats and don't stand up when car is in motion."

Answer: He bought it from a Tres Pinos farmer who had been bold enough to buy it from a Sears, Roebuck catalog 40 years ago.

There it was, ambling up from Scenic Drive to pause an hour or so on Ocean avenue. Its Surrey buggy body looked like a runaway from a horse. Parked to the curb, this model K was found to have two cylinders, a crank, an air-cooled motor, a chain drive, Presto lights, a lever-steering rod, and two brakes—it is in need of a paint job.

Out of a crowd of speculators, John McDonald was the only one correctly to guess its age. He stuck to 40 years, while some opinions ran as low as 25. Joey Perry supplied the facts, for it was he who repaired it after a 15 years relapse in the farmer's barn. Perry put in two spark plugs, a battery and some gas. He says it runs fine. He rode it around town last Sunday before delivering it to its owner, Alton Walker.

So far, Walker has got seven of these old cars. The Sears was his 6th, acquired last week, and since then a Cad of early swank has been added to the others.

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KDON Will Broadcast Concert Recordings

Every Saturday afternoon from 3:30 to 4, for the next ten weeks, KDON will broadcast a series of Columbia recordings under the sponsorship of the Monterey Peninsula and Salinas Community Concert Association.

The first program, this Saturday, will include the Don Giovanni Overture, played by the London Philharmonic orchestra, Beethoven's Coriolan Overture, by Rossini, also played by the London Philharmonic orchestra.

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Mrs. Elmarie Dyke, rural school supervisor, is nursing a case of measles. She says she feels fine but she doesn't like lying in the dark. Her seige began last Sunday but within a few days she expects to be up and out. She says she has caught the "weak" variety, which, coincidentally, only takes one week to cure.

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Sidney Fish will be home this week-end after a serious operation from which he has recovered splendidly.

Rachel Morton and Angie Machado in Recital Monday

Rachel Morton, dramatic soprano, and Angie Machado, pianist, will be presented at the next regular meeting of the Musical Art Club, Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the Copper Cup Room of Hotel Del Monte. Jaffrey Harris will accompany Miss Morton.

Arrangement of the program introduces Rachel Morton in a series of German folk songs, punctuated with a Massenet. Miss Machado's piano, all Debussy, follows in livesome mood. The third part of the program is to a compopolite's taste, a bit of garden, a lullaby, and a Rachmaninoff in "Floods of Spring."

Members are reminded that each is entitled to one guest, the same person to be a guest not oftener than once during the year. Guest tickets will be obtainable at the door only.

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Anna Grant Dall Has Music Appreciation Class at Sunset

Anna Grant Dall is offering a class in music appreciation on Thursday evenings at 7:30 in room 11, Sunset School. The first meeting was held last night with the music of Debussy illustrated by phonograph records, by Miss Dall with the piano, and by discussion of the things for which one should listen in Debussy. Successive evenings will be devoted to other composers and other types of music.

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Vestrymen and Women Guests at Dinner

For dinner last Thursday night, the Rev. C. J. Hulsewe invited the members of All Saints' Vestry to Rutgershold. Those present were K. L. Stevenson, A. W. Wheldon, W. W. Wheeler, Paul Prince, E. Leffingwell, Ed Ewig, Col. L. A. Quinn, Col. W. E. Pulliam and J. McEldowney, Jr. The wives of the vestrymen were entertained for dinner at the home of Mrs. L. A. Quinn. Afterwards both men and women joined in a meeting of the Parish Council. Attending, in addition, were Miss E. M. Cook, Mrs. Vera Peck Millis, Mrs. R. R. Wallace, Mrs. L. H. Levinson, Mrs. J. W. Dickinson and Mrs. W. D. Yerkes, Jr.

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Sea Scouts Court of Honor Tomorrow

Sea Scouts of Monterey, San Benito and Santa Cruz counties are holding their eighth annual court of honor and ball a week from tomorrow night at the Elks' Club in Salinas.

Red Cross Activity Is Marked in Carmel

This week has seen much activity in a number of the Red Cross chapter functions. At an executive meeting Wednesday, March 12, reports of special interest were received from three of our chairmen. Miss Jane Burritt of War Relief Production, recorded a gratifying increase in the number of knitters and sewers and included a new (our third) group of Army women who will produce garments, layettes, etc., under direction of this chapter.

Mrs. Ernest Morehouse reports rapid organization of Junior Red Cross Units in the Carmel High School in addition to those in Sunset School. Her next aim, on selecting suitable lieutenants, is to install other units in the remainder of the schools within the Carmel chapter's area. With the assistance of Mrs. Helen Poulsen as sponsor for the High School group, and Miss Joan Trudeau, Jr., Red Cross student chairman, activity has commenced with gratifying speed.

Col. G. W. Stuart of Disaster Relief met in conference with the executive committee and outlined his well matured plans to meet any and all emergencies. Through the Junior Red Cross unit of the Carmel High School he has received the committee personnel: Jimmy Handley, chairman; Patricia Royce, Bill Monroe, Elaine McEntire, Jimmy Grennan, Nevell Yerkes.

John Burr To Present Second in Series of Student Recitals

Tomorrow evening John Burr presents the second in a series of student recitals at his studio. The recently-organized women's chorus will be heard for the first time and five of the John Burr students will sing an arrangement of songs by Schubert, Haydn, Arne and Brahms. Student recitalists are Shirley Prudhom, Nancy Spencer, Ver-na Heinzelman, Marcella Martin and Edward Sullivan.

Due to the limited space in the studio, attendance is by invitation only.

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KIP'S

CARMEL CYMBAL

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
THE CARMEL CYMBAL, INC., AT
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, ON DO-
LORES STREET, NEAR EIGHTH.
P. O. BOX 1880 TEL. 1-100SUBSCRIPTION, \$2 A YEAR
BY MAIL. FOREIGN, \$3ENTERED AS 2ND-CLASS MATTER
AT THE POST OFFICE AT CARMEL,
CALIFORNIA, UNDER THE ACT OF
CONGRESS, MARCH 3, 1879.

W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

THE CYMBAL IS ON SALE AT
DEL MONTE HOTEL, MCKAY'S
NEWSSTAND, MONTEREY, AND
THE GROVE PHARMACY, PACIFIC
GROVE.**At Random..****DRAGONS, DOMESTIC, U. S. 99**Oh hail, you wobbling, leisurely,
Gigantic trucks that tread the highway
You're lovable Leviathans—
Except, of course, when you go my way.

—E. F.

**ANNE MARTIN OF CARMEL, ONE OF NATION'S
MOST DISTINGUISHED WOMEN, PLEADS
THAT AMERICA KEEP OUT OF "THE
INSANE ASYLUM OF EUROPE"**

Editor, The Cymbal:

I have faith you believe in and try to practice honest reporting. So may I say reports of the Women's Democratic Club meeting at La Ribera, as published in Peninsula papers, including The Cymbal, through what they leave out give a wrong impression, inadvertent, I feel sure. No mention was made that an hour's spirited discussion on the President's War Policy and Freedom of Speech followed Helen Gahagan's interesting talk. She had asked that the Club refrain from resolutions asking the President to fulfill his pre-election pledges to keep the United States out of war on the grounds that such resolutions seem to question his good faith and might lead to dissension in the club.

When the speaker asked for questions at the end of her talk, I asked: "Since the President has stated again and again that the present World War is a war to preserve democracy, to insure freedom of speech 'everywhere in the world' (as set forth in his address at the opening of Congress) should he not and should we not welcome freedom of speech and discussion of his policies in our democratic clubs? Surely the acid test of sincerity on this declared war aim is not what he or we say about it, but what he or we do about it?"

This question precipitated the hour's discussion. No decision was reached, but Miss Gahagan's urgency that we refrain from asking the President to keep his pledges, and above all from voting on these subjects, that we trust to "leadership," was loudly applauded. Following the passage of the Lend-Lease Bill this leadership is now leading to a bill already introduced in Congress making wire-tapping legal. I hope the next steps, as in the last war, will not be drastic espionage and criminal syndicalist laws,

the suppression of the Bill of Rights and all civil liberties on our brave march to establish freedom of speech and democracy "everywhere in the world" and to save Britain from her past military and diplomatic butcheries that have brought on this war.

May I say while speech is still relatively free, that the women's democratic clubs, even now, if enlightened and determined, could keep us out of the insane asylum of Europe, out of the madness of war, which creates all evil, destroys all good, and sows the seeds of the next inevitable war, unless the whole world crashes this time? A month from now, perhaps, anyone who dares say as much will be liable to imprisonment. The tragedy is that in the precious time left for action women and women's clubs (alas, men's too!) are allowing themselves to be herded like sheep—not for slaughter themselves, but to help herd our boys to slaughter!

I have often said that the best fighters I know are those who will not have to do the real fighting themselves—the politicians, the bankers, the holders of investments in Europe, Asia and Africa, mostly over-age, the lame, the halt, the blind, and the women—all, of course, with a few exceptions. Not all these "fighters" are selfishly interested; some are sincere—but most of them are uninformed and unenlightened, haven't thought war through. In place of thought they accept the clichés and slogans of government propaganda, of emotional politicians designed to get us in—and in this case I fear, to destroy forever the democracy and wealth of the United States.

Anyone who reads not only the lines but between them, could have got all this out of the meeting of the Women's Democratic Club.

—ANNE MARTIN

Stella's Is Tired of Fishing

The customer is not always right.

Residents of Carmel know that Stella's store, in its traditional way, has known some overflowing in certain departments. About the best that Mrs. James B. McGrury could do was to scoop the excess into catch-all boxes. However, these have been recriminating hours when an item was pursued through the entire lot of them. For all her patience, Mrs. McGrury has been known to thrust the department into the customer's lap and go out for an aspirin.

"They ask me if I'm going to keep the box system over in the new store. Well, the answer is no! I'm tired of fishing." So announced Mrs. McGrury.

Customers may moan over the disappearance of "atmosphere" but they are going to get used to looking for things along counters, neatly segregated into

departments. And that time is coming around the middle of May, now that the site next to the post office has been cleared and their building can go up.

This will be the third site of Stella's store. 1914 saw Stella Guichard open a dressmaking shop, L'Accomodacion, where she carried a few drygoods on the side. This was on the corner where the Carmel Bank is now. She had a brisk business. During the summers, her sister, Mai, came to Carmel to help out.

Mai Guichard joined the staff of Carmel's grammar school in 1918. There were 69 pupils and four grades.

Meanwhile, Stella's had grown steadily and, in 1922, was moved to a better location across the street.

Later, in 1927, when Mai was no longer teaching, but was Mrs. James B. McGrury, the

store was sold to the McGrurys and Stella went into building cottages.

There is more to the success story of a store than the biography of its owners. There has always been friendliness at Stella's. If village store it was in the beginning, that same atmosphere has remained throughout the 27 years of its busy life.

A characteristic story, and true, is the one about the man who forgot to bring a curling iron home to his wife. (It was back in those days). Although there were closing hours, it was never too late to accommodate a customer. In the case of the curling iron, it was a major crisis because the family was leaving early the following morning on a camping trip.

There was something in his wife's persistent tone which sent this leading citizen of Carmel out at 10 o'clock at night to knock on the door of Mai McGrury. He persuaded her that the need was urgent. She dressed, walked over to the store and together they located (no doubt in one of those boxes) a curling iron costing 15c.

Stella, herself, had done no lesser deed over at L'Accomodacion. That time it was a gentleman who had come hastily to Carmel and had forgotten his toothbrush and his comb.

The only drug store was owned by Dr. Beck. It was arranged that his patients receive his calls in the mornings. Therefore, the drug store was firmly locked.

The only dry goods store was the little dressmaker's shop. Sorry, she didn't sell combs. "What kind of a place . . . pht . . . pht . . ."

After much distress and sympathy the problem was solved. Stella lent him her own comb and so he went back blithely to Pine Inn to breakfast in all accustomed aplomb.

If there are stories behind other items stocked on Stella's shelves, they would make a treatise on diversification. At a rapid glance one can see that

she sells shoes, hats, scouring pads, toy rowboats, corsets, greeting cards, ribbons, watch fobs, bubble pipes, bedding, raincoats, women's and men's apparel, jewelry, tents, bonbons and flags.

—K. W.

Army Day at San Francisco, observed annually, has been set for April 5, with a program of military demonstrations by units from nearby camps, forts, and bases, reports the California State Automobile Association. The event is sponsored by the San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The advisable route from Santa Rosa to the Petrified Forest is via the Rincon valley road, according to the California State Automobile Association.

Carmel Tides

| March | LOW | HIGH |
|-------|-----------|------------|
| 14- | 4:47a 0.4 | 11:06a 4.9 |
| | 5:03p 0.3 | 11:29p 5.1 |
| 15 | 5:38a 0.1 | 12:03p 4.7 |
| | 5:45p 0.6 | |
| March | HIGH | LOW |
| 16 | 0:08a 5.2 | 6:32a 0.0 |
| | 1:03p 4.3 | 6:31p 1.2 |
| 17 | 0:52a 5.1 | 7:31a -0.1 |
| | 2:10p 4.0 | 7:22p 1.6 |
| 18 | 1:43a 5.0 | 8:37a -0.1 |
| | 3:25p 3.8 | 8:25p 2.0 |
| 19 | 2:43a 4.9 | 9:51a 0.0 |
| | 4:45p 3.7 | 9:38p 2.2 |
| 20 | 3:51a 4.7 | 11:03a 0.0 |
| | 6:00p 3.9 | 11:04p 2.3 |
| 21 | 5:07a 4.6 | 12:09p 0.0 |
| | 7:00p 4.0 | |
| March | LOW | HIGH |
| 22 | 0:20a 2.2 | 6:17a 4.5 |
| | 1:06p 0.0 | 7:50p 4.3 |
| 23 | 1:21a 1.9 | 7:19a 4.6 |
| | 1:55p 0.0 | 8:32p 4.5 |
| 24 | 2:12a 1.6 | 8:12a 4.6 |
| | 2:34p 0.1 | 9:09p 4.6 |
| 25 | 2:55a 1.3 | 8:59a 4.6 |
| | 3:09p 0.3 | 9:42p 4.7 |
| 26 | 3:33a 1.1 | 9:42a 4.5 |
| | 3:41p 0.4 | 10:13p 4.7 |
| 27 | 4:08a 0.8 | 10:24a 4.3 |
| | 4:11p 0.7 | 10:40p 4.7 |
| 28 | 4:42a 0.6 | 11:05a 4.2 |
| | 4:40p 1.0 | 11:06p 4.6 |
| 29 | 5:16a 0.4 | 11:46a 4.0 |
| | 5:10p 1.3 | 11:33p 4.6 |
| 30 | 5:53a 0.4 | 12:30p 3.9 |
| | 5:43p 1.8 | |
| March | HIGH | LOW |
| 31 | 0:00m 4.5 | 6:32a 0.4 |
| | 1:20p 3.7 | 6:18p 2.0 |

+ + +

Honored by P.-T.A.

The regular meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association met with daffodils which Laidlaw Williams felt urged to rearrange, seeing that they were still full of garden whimsy. While he seriously continued with his topic, Conservation, they kept slipping into the bowl and what not.

The meeting opened with the presentation of a P.-T. A. life membership to Miss Clara Kellogg. Otto W. Bardarson extended the honor and did so with sincerely chosen words on behalf of the community for the best-loved woman in Carmel.

Zenas L. Potter spoke on the high school bond election. Williams reminded us to protect the white-tailed kite bird and to try not to dig up so many manzanita trees.

Before the tea and home-made cookies were available Bert Heron's drama class read two plays. Synge's "Riders to the Sea" and Lord Dunsany's "Glittering Gate." If anyone had a hankering for the tea table, all thought of such vanished with the excellent audible fare. In contrast, the keening Synge and the bitter jesting Dunsany. Opposing atmospheres, each one realistically alive for the few moments it took to listen. Those reading were Edith Frisbie, Louise Welty, Barbara Stitt, Milton Stitt, Richard Boone, Fred Robbins and Cecil Smith. Bert Heron was a sort of action interpolator.

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John Howard, Ellen Drew
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Cary Grant, James Stewart
Philadelphia
Story
The last word in sophisticated
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Please the Druggist, P. G.

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Troupers of the Gold Coast in

"THE GIRL OF GOLDEN GULCH"

with an elegant Otto

Directed by Ronald Telfer

Tonight, Tomorrow and Sun., at 8:30**FIRST THEATER, Monterey**

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FINAL SHOWINGS THIS WEEKEND

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NIGHT TRAIN**Ends This Sunday Night**

Saturday and Sunday

Matinees 2:30

NEXT WEEK-END**CARMEL STAGE GUILD**

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THREE FAMOUS PLAYS

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by NOEL COWARD. Seats now phone 403

FRIDAY

thru

SUNDAY

March 21-23

Highlands Inn Is Again Mecca for Fastidious Eaters

The practice of serving luncheon and dinner has been resumed in the dining room at Highlands Inn where during the quiet winter months only breakfast has been served.

Highlands Inn is an institution. Did you know that? In a world that moves so swiftly that custom and tradition seem to be disappearing from our land, the Highlands Inn stands immutable on its pine-crowned hill facing the sea. Rene, the French steward who has been in charge of the dining room and kitchen for 17 years, still greets you as you enter the huge room with its tremendous view windows. Clement, the waiter, whose flower garden at Highlands Inn has been growing prize pansies and sweet peas for 18 years, is still picking them fresh each day to decorate his tables. Joe, the vivacious and talkative Spanish waiter, will greet returning guests for his seventh season. Mrs. Clara Fitch is still in the front office. She's the auditor and has been at Highlands Inn for 14 years.

And, of course, the family is still there. Senator Edward H. Tickle is in Sacramento now, and returns occasionally for special sessions, but otherwise he's very much on hand at Highlands Inn. Why, he runs the place! Then there is Mrs. Tickle and Mrs. Tickle's sister, Mrs. Ella Shaw Fisher, and, last but not least, there is Marguerite Tickle, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Tickle, who helps to entertain old guests and make new ones feel at home.

People always come back to Highlands Inn, and Highlands Inn and honeymooners follow as naturally as Gretna Green and marriages. The surroundings are just the sort of half-wild seclusion that appeal. There are 24 little cottages scattered through the woods close to the Inn and each one of them has its own fireplace. Couples dream through the days of their honeymoon and then return each anniversary when they have the same cottage, the same table, the same waiter, and even the same sort of flowers on the table. It's something, all right.

'If Jesus Came To Church' Topic of Dr. Crowther

"If Jesus Came to Church," will be the sermon theme of Dr. James E. Crowther at Church of the Wayfarer Sunday morning. Grace C. Howden will sing "He That Dwelleth in the Secret Place," by James G. MacDermid. Jewell Brookshier will play the following organ selections: "Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod; "Prayer," Reinecke; "Consolation," Mendelssohn; "Coronation March," Meyerbeer. The service is at 11 o'clock. Strangers are cordially invited.

Dodie Dorcy Sees Her Brother in Film

Thrilled and excited was Dodie Dorcy last week when she saw her brother, Biddle Dorcy, in the Pete Smith short at the Playhouse. Although Biddle, a top rank swimmer and diver, has been working as a stunt extra in Hollywood ever since he went down there from Carmel three years ago, his family and friends never had a chance to see his face until he appeared last week in "Sea for Yourself," a short about the new sport of spearing fish.

Here's the Story of the 'Toughened Old Damozel of Dolores Street'—The Phil Wilson Building

There he was with a hammer or two, a saw and some nails. He had been a cowman back in Texas, which was no help at all in building a corner edifice on the main street of his new home town.

He had the loan of a helper, a young lad apprenticed to a local carpenter. Then, there was an architect who had some sketches of houses. He was an English architect, so his houses had the flavor of Banbury Tarts. Phil Wilson picked out three of them, pictures, not tarts, and considered which one would best suit his ambitions.

From them there began to grow, in the days soon following, a structure on the corner of Dolores and Ocean, which had the well-known semi-stucco Oxford manner, smartened up with dormer windows above (somewhat re-designed in favor of light) and pleasantly winking in myriads of tiny window panes.

A foot up from the ground he fastened on some window boxes as a curtsy to London gardens.

So much for three sides of the house. The front was reserved for Philip Wilson, Sr. Good western style it was, unadorned and built to withstand the ravages of California weather. It was just surprising enough to suit Carmel. What Wilson did was to take a diagonal slice off the front and wedge there a portal worthy of the vigor of his task. There stood a lintel doorway, made of three huge timbers, which resolved Odin and the Pharaohs and Phil Wilson into an architectural solidarity.

At first the building, finished in 1910, was the threshold only for his real estate business, but, later, he partitioned it off to share half of it with a fellow named Nix. Dry goods and sundries were stacked behind the window boxes.

As a pioneer, Nix was willing to suffer some inconveniences. His motorcycle, for instance, on which he traveled to and fro from Pacific Grove, would not get up the hill which was sandy, to his shop door. He parked a block away on Lincoln and walked the last loamy stretch.

Yes, the motorcycle inconvenience he could bear with. But, in the course of time, with conditions crowded as they were back in 1915, with the high taxes, the press of progress, and so on, Wilson was compelled to raise the rent from \$7.50 a month to the profit-absorbing figure of \$10 a month. That was too much. Nix went out of business.

After the crash there was a succession of tenants. Certain artist occupied the upper quarters. The City Hall kept shop on the ground floor from 1916 to 1922.

Phil Wilson, Jr., following in his father's business, has been keeping an office in the corner, front. For a time the Greyhound Bus Line made a crowd but Wilson set up some new shops at the north end of his lot and let the bicycles and

buses crowd in there among themselves.

Soon a dress shop is moving in where Nix ventured his shoe-strings and threads. The carpenters are remodeling.

"And they've really got the tools," Wilson muses, recalling that long-ago time when an improvised spirit level, obviously a bottle with a bubble in it, was the pivot equipment around which a landmark was built.

Somehow it's not the kind of place one likes to tear into. In 30 years, all kinds of weather have toughened up the old damozel of Dolores street. Undoubtedly she can take the draft from that young chit, Carmel Bank (pretty and she knows it).

Mrs. Klein Election Day Manager for School Bonds

Mrs. Millard A. Klein has accepted appointment as election day manager for the Committee for Completion of the Carmel High School. Mrs. Klein originally opposed separation of Carmel from the Monterey Union School District, but is now one of the ardent supporters for completion of the Carmel High School. "I have a daughter in the high school," Mrs. Klein said, in accepting the appointment, "and I know the handicaps of students under present conditions. I cannot see how anyone who favored separation from Monterey can now fairly oppose completion of the Carmel High School. We took our young people out of a complete high school in Monterey. We owe them more than a half-completed school here in Carmel."

"Babe" Didrikson Plays At Del Monte March 24 For British Relief

"Babe" Didrikson, one of the most sensational women golfers in the world, will compete in the Del Monte 18-hole Medal Play Open tournament to be staged Monday, March 24, for British War Relief, it was announced today.

The Texas long hitter, who has won about every type of athletic honor, will come from Hollywood to participate in the tournament. This tournament is making a series of movie shorts.

In addition to the great "Babe" there will be 30 golfing stars who will compete in the tournament. This tournament is being held on the Peninsula in conjunction with the Northern California Women's Golf Circuit events. It will be played on the Del Monte course.

Mrs. Eric Tyrrell-Martin is in charge of the ticket sale for the event. All proceeds will be turned over to the British War Relief fund.

This will be the second appearance that Miss Didrikson has made on the Peninsula and a large crowd is expected to gallery the matches.

Students Place Attractive Pro-Bonds Posters About Town

Some of the most interesting election posters ever displayed in Carmel made their appearance along Ocean avenue and side streets this week, being made and put up by Carmel High School students under the leadership of Arthur Strasburger, Jr., chairman of the High School Students' Committee. All urge voters to "Vote Yes" on March 20 for Completion of the Carmel High School" but each presents a different reason for doing so.

One poster appeals especially to householders, and is illustrated with a house, half of which is in outline. The text reads, "You Don't Live in Half a House. Why Ask Our Boys and Girls to Get Along With Half a High School?" Another is illustrated with a large sour looking lemon, and says, "If You're Not Sour on Life, Vote Yes March 20 for Completion of the Carmel High School." Another shows a stick of gum and part of another stick, and says that will be the monthly cost per \$100 of assessed valuation, for completion of the high school. Another shows a house, with a big "For Rent" sign in front, and says, "Who Will Fill Our Vacant Houses When the Army Moves Out, If We Have But Half a High School?"

If you want to spend an interesting half hour, walk about town and see why the high school students think you should get out on March 20 and vote in favor of completion of the high school.

Mercurio Goes on Trip For War Defense

Paul Mercurio, whose impressive title is "President of the California State Firemen's Association," will take a run up to Marysville March 23, to attend the Northern California Firemen's Association's one-day session, the purpose of which is to discuss the coordination of fire departments with national defense and to inspect some small, compact fire-fighting equipment which is especially suited for wartime use.

The almond blossoms through Capay valley, Yolo county, are providing the incentive for many a pleasant afternoon's outing, according to the Sacramento office of the National Automobile club.

The high country surrounding Sulphur Springs, on the route into Lassen National Park provides much excellent skiing on its splendid trails, reports the Sacramento office of the National Automobile club.

PERMANENTS AT THEIR BEST

The kind of hair you have determines the kind of permanent you are given

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NEW LOW FARES! 30 TRIPS A DAY

Between Carmel and Monterey

| Leave Carmel | Leave Monterey |
|--------------|----------------|
| 7:00 A.M. | 7:35 A.M. |
| 8:20 | 8:35 |
| 9:15 | 9:40 |
| 10:15 | 10:40 |
| 10:55 | 11:20 |
| 12:05 P.M. | 12:25 P.M. |
| 12:50 | 1:30 |
| 2:00 | 2:30 |
| 2:45 | 3:20 |
| 4:00 | 4:30 |
| 5:05 | 5:30 |
| 6:05 | 6:55 |
| 7:20 | 7:40 |
| 8:40 | 9:30 |
| 10:45 P.M. | 11:00 P.M. |

FARE 20c

Good for transfer to Pacific Grove, Asilomar, Oak Grove, Del Monte, Presidio

Buy Tokens & Save—5 for 75c

10c LOCAL FARE

Within city limits of Carmel or Monterey

Sunday Pass—Good All Day 25c

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Attention NURSES:

Here Is Something NEW
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The FIRST GALLEY

Dear Merrill: No, the Constant Eater hasn't been fired. She merely suspended herself temporarily while in the throes of a double moving.

Now we're at last sleeping in the house we hope to occupy for some time. We're in and our things are in—but that's as far as it goes at present. Everything is sitting around everywhere, chiefly on floors, waiting to be put away. It's at the stage when you look around hopelessly, pick up some unimportant article and put it down again, or go and screw in a hook for your dish mop which could just as well have waited until other more vital business had been attended to.

There is still so much to do that I would have felt justified in skipping another column but this week The Cymbal needs all the support it can get, and I naturally want to do my bit to help it over this particular hump. But what am I going to write about? I'm just so plain doggone tired this morning from the strenuous combination of worry, work and walking that I am pretty nearly at my lowest mental and moral ebb. But I have firmly stopped all putting-away activities and turned my back on a house which is a chaos of clothes and books and games and trunks and screwdrivers and wire and electric connections and cleaning rags and nails—all of them scrambled up together like the thoughts in my head!

I'm glad you can't see what's behind me but I wish you could see what is in front of me now. For the first time since we came back to California I am living in a house with an upstairs and from the back bedroom where I have my typewriter I look out over the roofs down to the ocean. The view is cut in two by a cluster of tall pines right in the center, straight ahead of me. They form a restful screen against what might be too much sky and glare. But to the south I get a wide sweep of the Pacific, ending with Point Lobos sticking its grim nose out into the blue water. Just below its dark, irregular outline another smaller point reaches out a rocky arm, ruffled with dazzling white as the breakers wash in around it. To the north I see the wooded promontory and skyline of Pebble Beach, the sun-flooded facade of Del Monte Lodge and the emerald green of the golf links along the cliffs. It's a view!

Close below me, roofs of all kinds fill in the foreground. Some are tiles, some tar paper, some shingles—red, black green—steep, sloping and flat! They rise out of a living landscape of growing things, so that nowhere can I see the ground or the foundations of these houses. Every space is filled in with pines and oaks and the soft blue of wild lilac and the pale yellow of acacia blossoms and the brighter gold of genista. The air that comes in the open window is sweet with acacia fragrance, and up here among

the tree tops it seems fresher and clearer than down close to the ground.

When I started in on this column I thought, I'll take something that will be easy because I will love writing about it—or rather, her; the girl who was my Senior at college. She was the first native Californian I ever knew and she stands out in my memory against the dull wintry landscape of that eastern college city as clearly and vividly as if it were only a few days ago, so vibrant with color and light she was, like one of California's beautiful roses or her own state flower, the golden poppy!

I was unspeakably proud of having for my special Senior the only girl in the graduating class who hailed from California. The West wasn't quite so close to the East in those days. In itself it was exciting just to know someone from the distant and romantic Pacific coast. Even if she hadn't been a most extraordinarily delightful person I would still have felt superior to the other freshmen whose seniors merely came from such places as the suburbs of Boston, which were too near to Cambridge to invest their native daughters with the subtle charm of strange lands.

But my Senior; Nothing I ever saw in California, when later I finally got out here, ever seemed more wonderful to me than she did when I was so lucky as to be under her wing my first year in college. She was so big-hearted and generous and kind and gay and amusing. She had that enviable gift of making others feel immediately at ease with her, of bringing out the best in them. She loved living and had such fun that everybody had a good time when she was around. She was tall and handsome and beautifully dressed and people looked at her so admiringly that I was always overcome with pride at just being allowed to be seen with her. Men and women alike responded to her aliveness, her strong vibrant personality. . . .

Everything about her was different and glamorous. She

wrote themes about adventures on horseback in California hills, her pony losing its footing and rolling down canyons with her, or about the enormous acres of beanfields her father owned.

Everything she described had its own vivid touch of originality and her entire life and background were separated by spiritual as well as geographical miles from our circumscribed, rather humdrum New England childhood experiences.

Reading over these poorly expressed, these utterly inadequate sentences, I realize that I shouldn't even have tried, today when I am so weary, to write about my Senior from California. I am sorry—and ashamed—because I can't do justice to her.

Ah well, even allowing for the susceptibility of a dazzled young Freshman to whom she was heavenly kind, my Senior was a great girl—and still is! If I had for her what we used to call a crush then, I can only say the feeling has lasted all these years. To me she stands as a sort of personification of what I love best about California, all its beauty and all its wonders.

Now I must turn away from my ocean view and from my view back into the age of innocence—and get down to brass tacks. All this junk, or so it seems at this stage, that is cluttering up the house will continue to sit stolidly about unless I put it away. The head of the family, who is too busy getting out The Cymbal under slight mechanical difficulties, to help very much, has what he considers an excellent and sensible suggestion:

"Begin at one end of the place and take each thing and put it away just as it comes." That sounds all right but any lady who's ever moved will agree that it simply can't be done that way. —C. E.

Dog Man Joe West Tells About His Tour With Noted Canines

Dog Man Joe West, owner and operator of the Del Monte Kennels, is back from a tour of eastern dog shows loaded down with trophies. His wife, Elsie, went along too, and the six dogs they took with them were all of them heavy winners. Fleck of Algo, Giant Schnauzer belonging to Dr. Charles Crocker of Pebble Beach, won best of breed at the big Westminster show at Madison Square Gardens.

Besides themselves and the dogs, the Del Monte Kennels station wagon contained three cases of Monterey sardines which West mixes with the dogs' regular feed and which he swears by. In fact, at one dog show they found an ailing pooch who revived to win after West put him on a strictly sardine diet.

At all the better hotels and auto courts the dogs were welcomed and taken in quite as a matter of course. At the big hotel in New York City where they stayed they brought the dogs right up to their rooms through the lobby. If hotels in-

Palm Springs will hold its Eighth Annual Desert Circus from March 26 to 29, inclusive, advises the Riverside office of the National Automobile club.

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Like a Mickey Mouse cartoon with people running out of every door, going every which way and swarming down the sidewalks in small hordes: Carmel in the sunshine after rain. Or perhaps more nearly like a small city of ants with each one hurrying to burst forth from his own little hole. . . . A perambulator parade holding up pedestrian traffic while chatting mothers walk leisurely, two abreast, comparing formulae notes. No longer dormant, once more a town of movement, but of the slow-motion kind of movement so that all can have a chance to lap up the sunlight as they move from place to place. Congenial, warm flowing—again under a sky of Della blue.

Sight of the Week: The mammoth black Intertype machine freshly uprooted from the Cymbal office, standing uncovered in a large truck on Dolores awaiting its installation into the Pine Cone Press.

Eiler Larsen, the dark bearded hand-waver and smile-giver who used to make his headquarters on all the corners of Ocean avenue, writes from Oakland that he recently gave a talk to a breakfast club at Lake Merritt Hotel at which he tried to explain to the audience why he has that "terrible long hair and beard." This he claims gets him into all kinds of trouble and as an example he cited his experience with the G-men who investigated him in Tennessee. He said that their rather strange and unique reason was, "You're different from the rest of us and Edgar G. Hoover is interested in people who are different!" . . . At the close of his talk he said that he almost forgot to eat his free breakfast as he was so thrilled by the sublime view from the glass enclosed veranda over the lake.

Panorama of the Point: Perhaps of all the times you wish most of all to be a cartoonist, is while watching the variety of characters walk around Carmel Point about 5 or 6 o'clock—tall and thin, short and fat, young and old. Types of all kinds recognized just in the manner of walking. Those with the determined walk of the reducer, intent above all to lose those unwanted pounds—scenery is superfluous. The jaunty step of the great-to-be-alive walker, springing and bouncing around the rutty roads, content with the world—no cares here. Then the measured, staccato walk of the beauty lover and the sunset-gazer who pauses frequently to stop and admire, to stop and drink in so deep the sea air and the purples and blues of twilight time. Here and there the lagging, tired gait of the

lone walker whose drooped shoulders outline the futility of life—these are the ones who stop to sit on the little benches and look hopelessly out to sea. Although most of these walkers have dogs, there is also a distinct dog-walking type—dogs that often look to be canine editions of their owners either in general physical appearance or in temperament.

Surely no place else in the world does the sun go down with such a heterogeneous audience witnessing its disappearance, with such a strange assortment of people all with their eyes fastened on that land where the sunsets go.

On Sundays, in broad daylight, there's quite a different atmosphere. The Point bustles with activity. The steady stream of Sunday drivers whipping around the corners; the clusters of out-of-towners who have piled in their cars and come many miles just to see the ocean. Once here, not knowing exactly what to do about it, they get out of their car, stretch, then stand on the road and stare blankly at the water; the half-hearted picnickers awkwardly eating lunches free from picnic ants in parked cars along the ocean front; children fascinated with the great billows of foam which have been blown into the hollows of the rocks, tossing it up into the air and watching the wind carry it landward. While in the crevices this foam rises and falls with the current under it, looking so much like the murky suds which bob around in a washing machine; And then the Sunday fishermen who stand along the rocks hoping for either cod or perch.

In the recent rainy period one had been untangling his line from seaweed and snags for four hours—with no luck. Apparently a hapless psychological victim of the bad weather for when asked where he got such four-hour patience, he wanted to know what else was there to do besides stand out in the rain and hold a fish pole which didn't attract any fish.

If walls have ears then the walls of the First Theater have heard other hilarious stage productions besides those put on by the Troupers of the Gold Coast in the 20th century. An 1881 edition of "The Golden Era," a weekly San Francisco newspaper of which J. M. Bassett (father of W. K. Bassett) was "proprietor," describes several amusing incidents of the earliest productions. The first piece ever presented was "Romeo and Juliet" starring Lieutenant Derby ("John Phoenix") in the role of Romeo, but they had trouble finding a Juliet as there were then no English speaking ladies in Mon-

Dorothy Maynor's Magic Makes Third Winter Concert Memorable Event

Dusky Dorothy Maynor, her earth-sprung dignity clothed in the rather savage splendor of brown veiled cloth-of-gold, stood stolidly before a Carmel audience last Saturday night and sang. Her voice was the magic which not only enthralled those who came for the third concert in the Carmel Music Society series, but was the touchstone for its possessor who came alive and sentient and by degrees ecstatic under the spell of her own heaven-born music.

What a woman! She's as fundamental as . . . as a tree. She's in this world to sing, and merely to sing. And when she sings she knows whereof she sings. It didn't need the few descriptive lines contained in the program to tell me of "streamlets gleaming" in the Debussy "Beau Soir" because I'd seen her notes gleaming like small fish flashing from shadow through sunlight. I saw them before I read the program, and it was sharp delight to see the confirmation in print. Her voice has a stronger and more vivid pictorial power than any voice I have yet heard.

Her whole body is likewise a medium for expressing the spirit of her song. And she has rhythm.

Two exquisite Handels opened her program, distinguished for elegance of phrasing and for the clarity and trueness of her restrained tone. In "Micaela's Aria" from "Carmen" her voice rose to glorious heights and we had our first taste of the woman's power.

Her "Ave Maria" had a "spiritual height" quality about it, the notes, sung in a "pianissimo" quite as impressive as Marian Anderson's, were flung into the auditorium to float around among the upper arches like handfuls of gold flung into the muted spaces of a cathedral.

Joyous was her "Meine Liebe"

terey. Derby, an actor with a rare sense of humor, shopped around until he found a big, fat Dutch woman who weighed about 250, the wife of a soldier at the Presidio, to be his Juliet. The show was a terrific success and the audience of pioneer miners relished this Juliet who knew her part but who garbled the lines of Shakespeare with such a strange accent. The balcony scene, in which Derby made his 250 pound maiden as ridiculous as possible, brought down the house.

In "Ophelia" they couldn't find any flowers for the flower scene, so ordinary heads of cabbage were used—a substitution wildly applauded by the audience. —ELIZABETH HOUGHTON

ist Grun" of Brahms; rolling, and rhythmically progressive was the "Wiegenlied" of Strauss and, on the second Strauss, "Wie Spillen Wir Geheim Sie Halten," the audience actually cheered.

For this an encore, the Strauss "Zueignung," loveliest of them all. Her glorious voice and great spirit combined to attain the ultimate.

She was a vixen in "Adieu de l'Hostesse Arabe," wonderfully wicked, singing this trifle with chic, and in the Debussy "Beau Soir" we discovered that temperamentally she is fitted to interpret such atmospheric things with a delightful sensuousness.

It was the "Depuis le Jour" though wherein she gave us "the works." God, it was wonderful! What a voice and, what a woman! Any words you can find sound inane and of what value a more academic analysis, when what happened was as close to perfection as we'll find in this imperfect world!

Of the Negro Spirituals, some were sweet and earthly, some were sweet and sad. There were surprisingly few on her program, which I think was clever.

Remembered by many as the high-light of the evening was the S. Coleridge Taylor "Thou Art Risen," sung without accompaniment. A deep and prolonged silence followed its ending. The little songs that followed until the end of her program were frothy, exquisite and completely captivating. The high note upon which the Moussorgsky "Parasha's reverie and dance" ended sounded to me as though it might have been C sharp.

The exquisite young man at the piano was extraordinarily able and his sensitive and sure execution added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Arpad Sander was his name.

—M. W.

Camera Club Has Show At Art Gallery

The Carmel Camera Club is exhibiting at the Carmel Art Gallery this month. On the walls of the small center room are representative works signed by Myron Oliver, George Seideneck, Alvin Beller, Horace Lyon, Peter Burk, Francis Whitaker, Russell Cummings, R. A. Kocher, Robert Emmett O'Brien and L. Walker.

+ + +

Dorothy Maynor Debut In San Francisco Today

Dorothy Maynor, soprano, who sang for the Carmel Music Society last Saturday evening, is having her San Francisco debut this afternoon at the Opera House. Pierre Monteux is introducing her. The program will be repeated tomorrow evening, at the same place and under the same auspices.

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Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt was the overnight guest of Mrs. Frederick A. Ingalls last Tuesday when she arrived in town to speak before the Carmel Forum.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Abernethy left Saturday afternoon for a two weeks motor trip. This week they have been in Santa Barbara. Next week—well, they'll have to tell us all about it when they return. In the meantime we're missing Jack's smiling countenance behind the most important desk at the Monterey County Trust & Savings Bank.

Prof. and Mrs. Jay Elder of San Jose were at La Playa, guests of Julian de Cordova from last Friday until Sunday and attended the Dorothy Maynor concert with him and his niece, Miss Anna Nyren. Prof. Elder is dean of San Jose State and has been for the last 30 years.

Kit Whitman was hostess at Del Monte Lodge Tuesday evening, giving a dinner in honor of Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt of Mills College, who lectured at the Carmel Forum that evening. Mrs. Whitman's guests invited to dine with Dr. Reinhardt were Armin Hansen, Paul Whitman and Patricia and John Cunningham, representing the faculty of the Carmel Art Institute.

In the Fletcher Dutton house at Carmel Highlands is Claude Kinnoull, enjoying the peace and beauty of this land after the flame and fury, and unleashed bitterness of France and Spain. A British subject, Lady Kinnoull was in Spain all during the Spanish war doing propaganda work for Franco. She left Spain via Lisbon when Hitler entered Paris and she realized that returning to France, that had been her home for many years, would be futile. With her is "Ali Baba," French poodle extraordinary, whom she brought from Paris. Passing the days busily, Lady Kinnoull is translating into English the book of short stories she had published in France and which she herself illustrated in pen and ink, and also she is painting. Portraits are her dish, and her work demonstrates an amazing strength and virility that is quite a contradiction to the first impression you get of about 90 pounds of charming femininity. The charm is there all right, but there is much more too. Claude Kinnoull is an intensely interesting person.

Warren Butler of Salem, Mass., and C. S. Williams of Newton Centre, (same state) were back again for a second week-end with the Howard Smiths before returning to the east. They were all at Del Monte Friday night and with them was Carl von Saltza, who stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Butler for a while when he was in

New England last year. The Butlers are old friends of his father, Philip von Saltza.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Butcher, who have a shop next to the library in Burlingame where they have the loveliest drapery and upholstery fabrics on sale and where Julie (Mrs. Butcher) will impart all of her lore, if you wish it, on interior decoration, were week-end visitors of Robert Emmett O'Brien.

Alvin Beller had a guest this week-end, too. Miss Ellen Alexander is from Los Angeles, and if she didn't happen to be a working girl, she'd have been able to stay longer. Anyway, Alvin had her at Del Monte Saturday night, and Sunday they were out visiting George and Catherine Seideneck in Carmel Valley.

The diorama, depicting the life of Will Rogers which Jo Mora is building, is almost finished and will be shipped to Oklahoma to the Will Rogers Memorial in a short time.

Noel Sullivan returned as he had planned from his eastern trip in time to make the Dorothy Maynor concert and his friends had a chance to greet him both at the auditorium and at the reception for Miss Maynor at the art gallery which followed. He said that Robinson Jeffers was really marvelous on the lecture platform at the Congressional Library, looked and sounded perfectly at home as though he'd been doing just that all his life. His usual diffidence and reserve were cast aside when as impersonal a thing as an audience confronted him. Sullivan was host to Miss Maynor at "Hollow Hills Farm" and gave a luncheon for her Sunday. She left later that day.

Mrs. Austin B. Chinn and her daughter, "Puss" (Mrs. Lauran Van Wyke) were guests of Miss Celia Seymour for a few days last week. The Chinnns used to live in Carmel. The Rev. Austin B. Chinn, who died in Palo Alto several years ago, was the former rector of All Saints' Church.

Mrs. Louise Grigsby of Forest Hill School, and her two sisters, Mrs. Katharine Lansdowne and Mrs. Nellie Leyman of Carmel, held an informal housewarming last Sunday afternoon for the new little weekend cottage they have built on a Robles del Rio hillside. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Hancock, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Downey, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Getsinger, Miss Celia Seymour, Miss Orre Hasetline, Miss Agnes Williston, Miss Lydia Frazier, Mrs. Vera Peck Millis and Captain John Frazier.

It's spring again and Mrs. John E. Abernethy gave a party. It was last Friday afternoon that about 50 of her friends came in for tea and bridge. This year her niece, Mrs. Clarence Dwiggin, was co-hostess. Crystal swans filled with minute pastel flowers, their tails sprouting sprays of white blossoms, swam upon a mirror on the dining room table. Tea was served

from the elegant silver service, and the house looked very beautiful, as it always does, party or no party.

Grant Stephenson of Pebble Beach, whose fall down a flight of stairs in his home this week, resulted in a fractured skull and a severed artery in his left temple, is showing a slight improvement although his condition is still serious and he will have to be kept quiet for some time to come. A blood transfusion administered last Sunday by his physician was of great benefit to him.

In honor of Dr. Richard Jones of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sayers will give a dinner party tomorrow evening. Invited are Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith, Mrs. George Murray, Robert Emmett O'Brien and Marjorie Warren.

Jonathan Scott of Carmel, who is studying with the Armin Hansen class at the Carmel Art Institute has been notified that his painting "Evening Clouds," has won a first in the James Ackley McBride award for water colors at the 17th annual show in the Pasadena Society of Artists. Another of Scott's paintings has been accepted for the current Oakland Annual.

Rene McDonald, after a buying spree in Los Angeles where she returned loaded with patio costumes and a collection of five-ounce girdles and one-ounce bras, has dashed off to San Francisco on similar business bent. She's so thrilled at the prospect of opening her new shop soon that she's walking on air.

Mrs. Eleanor Minton James and her attractive (and how!) daughter, Elizabeth Houghton, are in Los Angeles this week. We don't know how the Pine Cone is managing without Mrs. James, but we know we're having a horrible time on The Cymbal without Elizabeth.

Lucile Kiester, who returned to Carmel a year ago, has gone again, this time to Palo Alto where she has taken over "The Three Sailors," a nicely-established business where hand-dyed and hand-blocked smocks and linens are made. This is right up Lucille's alley.

In the meantime, however, her evening classes in craft-work at Sunset School, which are well organized, will be in need of a teacher. Maybe someone will take over before the malingering process begins.

Jay Cees

NEWS OF SALINAS JUNIOR COLLEGE

By KATHRYN HAMM and EVALINE DIEKEMPER

Ho, hum, lack-a-day! It seems as though all the Junior College students feel the same way, and you know that Spring is here but probably not to stay. The Spring Fever must have got most of the Carmel "Joes and Janes College" because there is a stand-still in activity.

But there are some who escaped the well-known disease. Namely RUTH MILLER, who is literally as busy as a bee in the spring. RUTH is on the College Annual Staff, which is called La Reata. She is really digging in so that all the hard work will be done before that last minute rush.

JIM THOBURN is going to get his last view of those snow-capped mountains so many of us Carmelians knew this winter. JIM is traveling with the Carmel Sphinx club to the Thoburn ranch near Sonora where he intends to make merry and ski hardy during this weekend.

Again the Carmelians star where Art rules and Music prevails. This time it will be another one of those enjoyable Evenings of Tomorrow. MARY JEAN METCALF and KATHRYN HAMM will uphold the proud name of Carmel as an Art Colony during the antics of the Modern Dancing program. KATHRYN, it has just been disclosed, is to make her initial appearance as a solo dancer at that much publicized gala affair, the Arts Ball, which will be held at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. Keeping in time with the theme of Egypt, KAY will do a classical Egyptian dance and maybe add a few of her own ideas.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

"For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven. Thy faithfulness is unto all generations." These words from Psalms comprise the Golden Text to be used Sunday, March 16, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The subject of the Lesson-Sermon will be "Substance."

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

Speaking of Kays Kates and the like, here is that newcomer, KATHERINE DOUST, who has been given a top-notch position in the newly-formed Monterey County Symphony Orchestra. KATIE is quite accomplished on the cello and is one of the few women in that organization.

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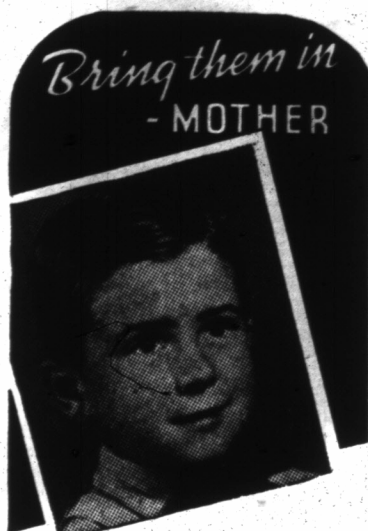
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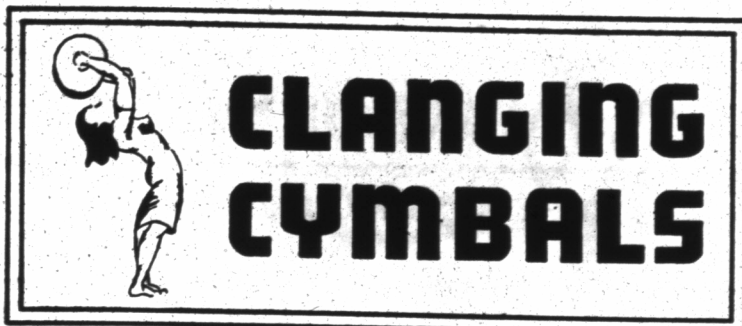
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Four years ago I went to work for Bill Bassett and The Cymbal—in that order. I have stayed with them—in that order—through sometimes-thick and sometimes-thin, for reasons which I think have some bearing on what has just happened to them. Because I find my own sentiments about Bill and his paper echoed all around me, on the street and in the shops, I feel there is an excuse for setting them down here.

I have stayed with The Cymbal because it seems to me it is one of the healthy enterprises in Carmel. Many of you remember Carmel when it was pretty generally a healthy place to be, physically and mentally. Seven years ago when I first came here there were still vestiges of that wholesomeness. Year after year they have been lost in the welter of commercialism, of soap-operatism, that happens to be our chief articulate Americanism today. There is no way on earth to avoid this—I do not share the optimism that it can be put down or kept out of Carmel. But I do think that just in so far as the other thing is allowed a voice, it will itself survive. The Cymbal has been the voice, not only of Old Carmel, but of certain specific values in our culture which it seems to me we must retain if we are not going to be lost entirely.

Perhaps I can best explain what I mean by relating something that happened to me recently. I had a letter from someone accusing me of gross sentimentality and of dating myself in treating of my family and its traditions as I have in my recent columns about my visit to New Hampshire. As a matter of fact, I believe that the family as we practiced it in New England at the beginning of this century is not only a dead concept but happily and justifiably so. But I do believe there are values in it that will be as essential in tomorrow's ethical and social setup as in yesterday's. I have said once before here that if your house were burning, you would hasten to save what was, to your mind, good and beautiful to start the new house with.

That seems to me just what The Cymbal has been doing for Carmel. Sometimes, of course, it has championed unimportant issues, some wrong ones, a few rather stupid ones according to me, just as the old lady who lived near my grandmother took out of her burning house a priceless shawl, her great-grandmother's glassware and silver, a lowboy which is now in one of the great museums, and a dozen bags of popcorn.

The other day I went into one of my favorite shops, The Game Cock. The combination of Eleanor Yates and Marian Kingsland is always stimulating and amusing to me. It was Friday afternoon and when I went in Marian was reading something to Mrs. Yates from The Cymbal, and they were laughing and saying that they believed The Cymbal to be a vital thing here. They said they had heard it was in difficulties and they were most sincere in hoping nothing would happen to it. They seemed to find the real life of the village epitomized there; no white gloves, no bayonets, one place where someone

said just what he thought and challenged all-comers to do likewise. I have heard Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous say the same thing, and I don't think they will mind being quoted because obviously The Cymbal, with its faith in the Bach Festival, is an ally of theirs.

I hear these things all over town, not because I work for The Cymbal—I would know that kind of spuriousness—but because out of their hearts people mean it.

Bassett may be crazy, they say, but his paper is at least alive.

That's why I have stayed with The Cymbal. It is quick, it touches the pulse of things, it is wide and free and homely. It states our case as a unit in the American scene as few periodicals of any size or importance do. People from South Africa and New Hampshire know what Carmel is like because of it; not just the surface of it that you get from most weekly papers, but its heart-beat.

For twenty years of my life I have lived in the big cities, chiefly in New York, but also in London and Paris and Washington. I look with some skepticism on Carmel's extravagant claims to what it calls cosmopolitanism and with even more on its artistic pretension. I do not think The Cymbal is a great newspaper.

But I do think that its place as official voice for the Bach Festival, for Kit Whitman, for the Tailwagger's Club is the prime public utterance of this community; that if you drown it out there will be a crying in the wilderness that was once Carmel.

—LYNDA SARGENT

More Personals

Eric Tyrrell-Martin, captain of the Del Monte polo team, left on Wednesday for England where he will join the fighting forces. Everybody feels pretty blue about losing him.

Brig. Gen. Reed and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Monteagle were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Magee over the week-end.

Back from their southern trip, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Porter Russell gave a luncheon last

Sunday at their Carmel Valley ranch.

Before her Forum lecture last Tuesday evening, Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt was the dinner guest of Mrs. Colden Whitman at Del Monte Lodge. Other guests were Armin Hansen, Paul Whitman and John and Patricia Cunningham. The Cunninghams were former faculty members of Mills' art department. Dr. Reinhardt was the house guest of Mrs. Margaret Ingalls at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guine of Hillsborough, who have been occupying the Pebble Beach house of Mrs. de Guine's mother, Mrs. Louis Cates, invited friends in for cocktails last Sunday. Mrs. Cates, by the way, has bought the Chapman residence.

The Pacific Grove Golf Club held their annual dinner and election of officers last Tuesday night at the Mission Ranch Club. Eighty members attended. Clarence Steinmetz succeeded Bud Hawkins as president of the club.

More than 85,000 new car buyers made trips to Detroit during 1940 to take factory delivery and save freight costs, according to figures reported to the California State Automobile Association.

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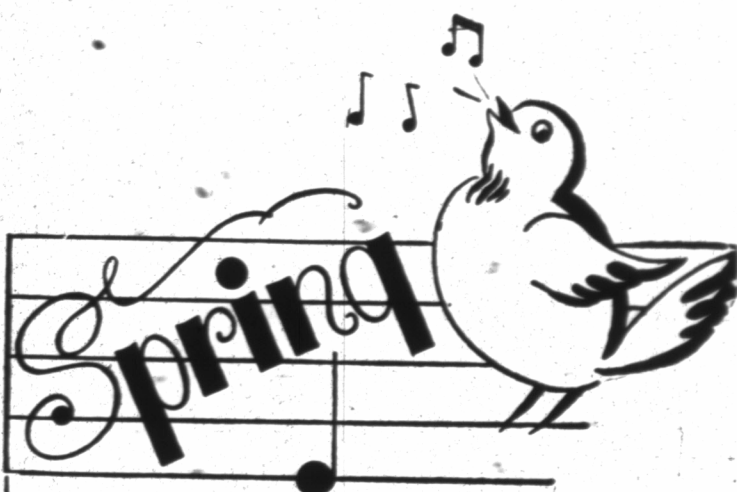
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We hear that:

Everything about this business of being a soldier he is not the way you think he is going to be. You cannot tell from one day to the last how she is going to turn out. Me and Joe and Al we are thinking because it is Saturday how nice it will be tonight at Mazie's with maybe a couple of tamales. But no. The general he says,

"Come on, boys, we are going on a recognizing hike up the Carmel Valley."

Well, we said,

"This is all right. You go on without us. We been there. We been all over the goddam valley and the hills too, so we don't have to do no recognizing nothing."

But it don't work. And what is more we got to walk fast and we can only ride a little bit and not by the thumbs either.

And we have got to wear our shoes all the time. Even when we sit down by the side of the road that damn fresh corporal won't let us take them off. And what is the use of trying to rest with your shoes on. And we got no jerky to chew on and not a sign of a bottle of even a little cold coffee. Joe, he knows where a friend has hid some wine, but I won't let him go and get it because drinking does not work out in this soldier business any more than in our private business.

There is a whole lot of water running down the ditches down by the pear orchards but he is pretty dirty and it is not a very enjoyable walk.

So Al he is got a tick inside of his leggings. He can tell by the feeling but he ain't got no chances to undo them and get him off and he is beginning to get pretty mad. And everybody is getting pretty hungry, too.

So just when we get past the dairy where Gracie is living Joe he is getting a fine idea.

"Let me have a little talk with the general. I will fix it up swell," says Joe.

"You think he will talk to you?" says Al, always looking at the bad side of things.

"He don't have to do no talking. I will do that."

And he does it.

And he comes back and says, "He is all fixed."

So he won't say no more and we go past the White Elephant and God Almighty but what happens! Instead of going right up to Jamesburg, we are turning in at the Robles gates and we come to Mosie's!

Me, I want to yell right out loud how happy I am but I got to keep my mouth shut because that is the way it is when you are a volunteer in the United States. You got to get a control. Which we have got.

Only it is pretty fine. Nothing is changed in a whole month. Except there is no more crackers because everything she is so wet. But Rosie he is a

swell sport and he is put out a whole bunch of crackers and he is joking and laughing with us, and turning on the juke box and then Joe he says,

"Me, I got it fixed swell. We are going to eat right out here."

"What are we going to eat?" says Al. "Me, I could eat my own arm and not even feel it there, only in the stomach have I got one single feeling."

So everything is fixed up in the back yard, and the automobile truck who is got the dinner she rolls up and then Rosie he says,

"Don't let nobody run no automobiles over the top of the cesspool or it won't smell so good."

And Joe he starts to laugh like hell because he is remembering a certain thing.

Well, the general, he and Rosie they go in the back room and have a little quiet talk about things and the general he says to Al,

"You got to stand centrals over that cess-pool."

"Right in the middle?" says Al.

"Yes, right in the middle," says the general. "And don't let nobody drive no automobiles over it unless you don't like them too much."

"I don't like nobody, too much," says Al, and he is looking very sour because he is afraid he won't get no food for eating.

All the rest of these guys they are wondering why Al is got to stand there with a gun looking very silly in Rosie's back yard, but me and Joe we know. We are remembering a certain time. And he was pretty bad for George's truck.

So pretty soon the automobile with all the chuck he is drivin' up and they unload him and he is about to drive away when God Almighty! I seen who is the guy at the wheel. And I run over to Al and I says,

"Let's do her now."

And Al he says,

"Do what now?"

And I says,

"Get that guy."

And Al he says,

"OKay, which guy and what for?"

And I says, "The one in that truck. He is the gopher which gave me the jab in the rump that time we fell into the nest of trantulas who were wearing green nightgowns made out of mosquito netting."

And Al he is not got much sense most of the time but sometimes he is smart like a fox and I am telling you this is a time. So he is waving at the guy who is driving that automobile and is making the motions for him to go right over the top of that cesspool.

And he did.

And the front end of that truck plonked down through them rotten boards like he is

going to hell and China and the boards flew up in the air with maybe some mud and grass and she don't smell like no Easter lily neither.

And the driver he is yelling like hell and all you can see is maybe the back end of the hind tires and Joe and me and Al we are laughing so hard it is nobody's business.

And the general he says, "I guess he don't like him too much."

But it takes everybody a hell of a long time to get that automobile out of that cesspool, and Rosie was maybe worried a little bit at first, only he is finding out that this business of volunteered he ain't so bad after all.

The general he is a swell guy, too. He is fixing everything up a whole lot better than he is to begin with. They is new boards on top of everything and even the dirt is leveled off smooth like soup.

So we are picking up all the cigarette butts and papers and doing a very fine job of raking up and then we go home.

And maybe you don't think he is feeling good to take off the shoes and Al is got rid of his tick who is swol up pretty big by now. But Joe he is still mad because we are too tired to take a bus over to Salinas and maybe get a ride out to Santa Rita for a tamale at Mazie's.

Only now nothing matters because every time I can remember it I do her. The way that gopher guy yelled and the smell which is not like a lily which come up very sudden like and the stuff which flew up in the air. And now, well I ain't got no more sore feelings in my rump.

—ELSBETH FRELLSON

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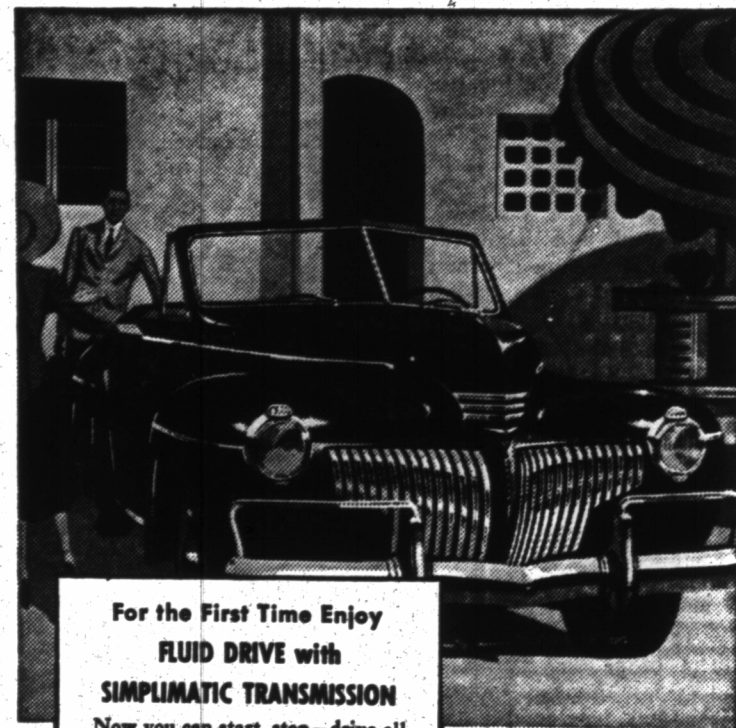
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State Route No. 9, between Santa Cruz and Boulder Creek is again open to traffic, reports the San Jose office of the National Automobile club, after having been closed for several days by slides caused by the recent torrential rains.

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Platterbug Patter

Do you wake up at 2 in the morning with steamship whistles sounding in your ears? Do the "cruise clothes" in Ocean avenue windows drive you to the verge, and do you leer malevolently at every out-of-the-state car that hasn't a Fort Ord annex on its license-plate? Uh-huh. I thought so. You, my friend, need a vacation.

Oh... so you have a job you can't leave... Well, think of the thousands of people who'd just love a job they couldn't leave... Why not be a sport and give them yours? Oh, that's right... I forgot all about your sister and her four moronic children... and dear old Grandma... and the payments on the Ford... Yes, Pal, it looks as though you're stuck... stuck fast until July or August, when the first sweet pangs of vacationitis have developed into the Midsummer Jitters. The time to enjoy running away is when the inclination hits, and unless the Platterbug is more-than-usually mistaken, every other eye in Carmel is glazed with that far-away look.

Fortunately, all is not in vain. This is the age of escape, and escape we will, on magic carpets, at the movies, or deep in armchairs, noses glued to the National Geographic and ears cocked toward the newest in globe-trotting records.

First stop the Hawaiian Islands! How's your hula these days? Whether you swing and sway or just listen, you'll enjoy the way Al Kealoha Perry and his Singing Surfriders interpret the old Island songs and hulas in a brand-new green-

covered Decca album. Al and his Surfriders, you know, are the ukulele-strumming aggregation on the "Hawaii Calls" radio show that greets Mainlanders from the beach at Waikiki. Included in the Perry album is an in-a-nutshell instruction course, which followed diligently in the privacy of the hoodwar, positively guarantees that you'll swing a mean hula... and it's good exercise, too... Bing Crosby fans will like a new album of Hawaiian favorites (including "Sweet Lullaby," s'help me!) done up in the unbeatable B. C. style, complete with humming, whistling, soft guitars, and other suitable sound effects... Dick and Lani McIntire take turns providing the accompaniment.

Travel bureaus tell us that Mexico is wonderful in the spring time, but if you just can't make it this month, a bowl of chile and Elvira Rios will take you south of the border quicker than a Latin's wink. Elvira is the lush little Mexican Dorothy Lamour who was billed as "The Emotional Singer" in Mexico City's smartest night clubs. Her "Vereda Tropical" drips with sultry glamour and her "Noche de Ronda" is a musical Mickey Finn. In between appearances at the Rainbow Room in New York City, an important national radio series, and "shorts" for Paramount Pictures, Senorita Rios co-operated with Jose Morand and his popular Latin-American

(Continued on Page Twelve)

LETTERS

TO THE PAPER

HERE'S A CRY OF CHEER FROM LAMBASTED BRITAIN

64 Canning Road
Wealdstone Harrow,
England,
January 25, 1941.

Dear Mr. Bassett:

Today I received a copy of your paper dated Nov. 22, 1940, and was surprised to see an extract from a letter that had been sent to a friend of mine at Pebble Beach. I was indeed gratified to find that my letter, from the "Island over the Pond," was interesting enough to use, and I hope that those who read it were not bored.

With regards to the war, we over here, although fully aware that we have a real tough time ahead, are full of good cheer and ready to beat off any new Nazi frightfulness. We have withstood many months of night bombing—nothing can be worse until you get used to it—and I think we have survived the worst. The British army in Africa is mopping up the "wops," the R.A.F. keep hitting the Hun where it hurts most, so what more could anyone ask for, and what better future?

I hope you folks do not think that as soon as we get a warning we scramble underground like a crowd of rabbits! No sir! In the daytime, work and pleasure still carry on the same, while at night the cinemas and theatres do well. Myself, I like to stand outside and see the amazing sight of a concentrated A. A. barrage, the pattern of vapour trails around the moon—made by high flying aircraft—or the numberless searchlights which turn night into day.

Before I close, I would like to mention that any spare copies of your paper would be welcomed and enjoyed by all

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CARMEL VALLEY cabin site cleared for building. Private tract. 50 x 150. Close to river and Robles del Rio store. \$150 cash for quick sale. No agents. P. O. Box 988 Carmel (tf)

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boys and girls and believes they should have a full opportunity for physical and mental training, to get out and vote."

The polls will be open from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. at the Sunset School, and all voters will cast their ballots there. There will be no precinct voting. Should 1000 cast ballots, they will have to vote at the rate of 100 an hour, which allows less than a minute per ballot, so there is bound to be a great congestion of voters in late afternoon and evening hours. Everyone is urged, therefore, when it is convenient, to cast their votes in the morning.

the "lads" at the Fire Station here.

I will drop you a line again later, to let you know how I am getting on, so until then, cheerio.

Sincerely,
—FRANK LAMSLEY.

WE ARE GLAD WE WERE ABLE TO HELP

Dear Mr. Bassett:

We wish to thank you for your fine publicity regarding the opera "Jack and the Bean Stalk," which was given in Pacific Grove last week. More than 100 tickets were sold in Carmel and we deeply appreciate this splendid support of our venture in bringing the first offering of Junior Programs, Inc., to the Peninsula young folks.

Seventy-five dollars are on deposit in the bank as the nucleus of a fund which we hope will make possible a new grand piano for Pacific Grove before too great a time elapses.

Again, thanking you for your generous cooperation,

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde F. Dyke

Dave Davis told us some time ago that he would let us know the minute he went into the army. So he has volunteered for one year and will enter the Presidio of Monterey, March 19. He informed us that Joe Schoeninger is also in the army.

PLATTERBUG PATT

(Continued from Page Eleven)

orchestra, the result being a four-record album which presents La Elvira's romantic voice at its most magnolia-petalish. "Tropic Nights" is definitely not the album to listen to while sorting the laundry or cleaning out the fireplace, but for those warm moonlit evenings when the Scotch Broom blossoms waft in open doors and frogs croak in the Dolores street mud puddles . . . Ah, Elvira . . . Ah, Perfidia . . .!

How about South America? Well, there's always Carmen Miranda, who still wants her mama and Bambu-Bambus in spirited Portuguese. . . . Viennese waltzes still go their lilt-ing way, almost convincing us for a moment that Vienna is yet a happy city. . . . Cowboy songs take us back to the boots and saddles we never had . . . and for sheer novelty, consider the Calypso songs of the West Indies, gay rhythmic commentaries on contemporary world happenings.

"So you see, there's really no earthly reason why we all shouldn't start taking our vacations right now. . . . Single, isn't it? Well, all right, if we must stick close to home, here are a few things to look forward to. . . . Arturo Toscanini and Vladimir Horowitz have collaborated in one of the most ambitious recording feats of all time, and this month the musical world is to be thrilled by the result of their joint interpretation of Brahms' Second Concerto (in B Flat Major) for piano and orchestra. The actual recording of the concerto was made at Carnegie Hall in New York, perhaps the most satisfactory acoustic set-up imaginable. The frosting on the cake is the unusually lovely colored poster Victor commissioned for the cover of the album, glorifying, with flowers and rainbow, the "spring" theme of the Brahms music. . . . Gertrude Lawrence admirers will greet the new "Lady in the Dark" album with shouts of "Welcome back, Gertie." . . . Miss Lawrence has taken time out from Bundling for Britain in order to record practically the whole score from her latest Broadway hit. . . .

The neatest trick of the week: What prominent Carmel thespian (?) sat on his "Hot Lips." Platterorchids to Gerald "Sherlock" Ray for finding the voice of the recording engineer on the very end of an old Benny Goodman disc. Platterbug of Honor for today: Mr. Fred Bechdolt, who goes for Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, the Greig piano concerto as played by Gieseeking, Marian Anderson and Stephen Foster.

—MURIEL HESSE

'Second Chorus' at Carmel Theatre Now; 'Philadelphia Story' Sunday



JAMES STEWART in "Philadelphia Story" He won the Academy Award for his work in this picture.

Fred Astaire's dancing feet cut capers with Paulette Goddard in "Second Chorus" at the Carmel Theater tonight and tomorrow. You'll enjoy Paulette in her first screen dancing role. The comedy swings with Artie Shaw's band, around which a good slapstick plot catches on by the toes. Meredith Burgess and Charles Butterworth have plenty of time for comedy on their own. And there's a new dance, the "Dig It."

On the same bill are John Howard and Broderick Crawford, a couple of Texas Rangers who collide with a gang of cattle rustlers and rescue May Robson, rancher for the duration, and granddaughter, Ellen Drew, from what might well be a furious end. With romance and lots of shooting, the "Texas Rangers Ride Again" and the show is good.

Running for three days, starting Sunday, the "Phila-

delphia Story," brings that hilarious Philip Barry New York stage success, that return ticket for Katharine Hepburn, that comedy role for Cary Grant which beats every other one he's had, and that pensive surprise, that philosophical tabloid tabber, that lovingly jilted James Stewart who carries the show off on a basket over his head. The basket is to hold the Oscar trophy which he won for his work in the picture.

An odd thing about the double bill for Wednesday and Thursday is that Virginia Gilmore is the star of both pictures, "Tall, Dark and Handsome" (that's Cesar Romero) and "Jennie."

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The Second Annual Treasure Garden Show will be held in San Jose April 10 to 13, at 560 South First street, according to the San Jose office of the National Automobile club.

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'Night Train' Is on For Last Time This Week-End

Final showings of "Night Train" at the Playhouse this week-end will leave a high-water mark for screen entertainment this winter. It is generally agreed that this extraordinary thriller "has everything" that film drama can offer. Besides current news, this week's program includes a "hot" March of Time issue depicting, with timely narration, the islands and seas involved in the present Pacific crisis.

Seats are now being reserved for the long-awaited Noel Coward plays which the Carmel Stage Guild will offer at the Playhouse next week-end, Friday to Sunday, inclusive. "Still Life," "Fumed Oak" and "Hands Across the Sea," all from the famous "Tonight at 8:30" cycle, will be presented by casts representing the best talent of Monterey Peninsula. Edward Kuster is directing, being assisted in staging the plays by Janet Anderson, John Bartlett, Frances Brewer, Francis Sumner and Gabrielle Kuster. The players include Lloyd Weer, Connie Flavin, Alec Merivale, Malcolm and Anne Moulder, Aurelia ("Micky") Tullus, Robert Herrick, Wilma Bott, Andre French, Susan Shallcross, Janet Anderson, Marjorie Morton, Anne Loos, Ellen Habenicht, Beverly Leidig, Bill Huggins, Albert Kotzebue, Eleanor Anderson.

'Girl of Golden Gulch' on This Week-End

With a new villain—Milton Stitt, who is tops in his latest role—a new bar-keeper—Dan Welty, in his debut on the First Theater boards—"The Girl of Golden Gulch" goes on tonight for its third week-end run at the First Theater, Ronald Telfer directing. A few St. Patrick's Day surprises will punctuate the olio which some declare to be the smartest and funniest of four years of side-splitting after-shows of the Troupers of the Gold Coast under the Denny-Watrous Management.

Bob Bratt will be back as Master of Ceremonies and the Troupers will give their usual merry evening of entertainment unparalleled on the Monterey Peninsula.

Tickets for "The Girl" are on sale at Staniford's Drug Store.

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Sunset Menu

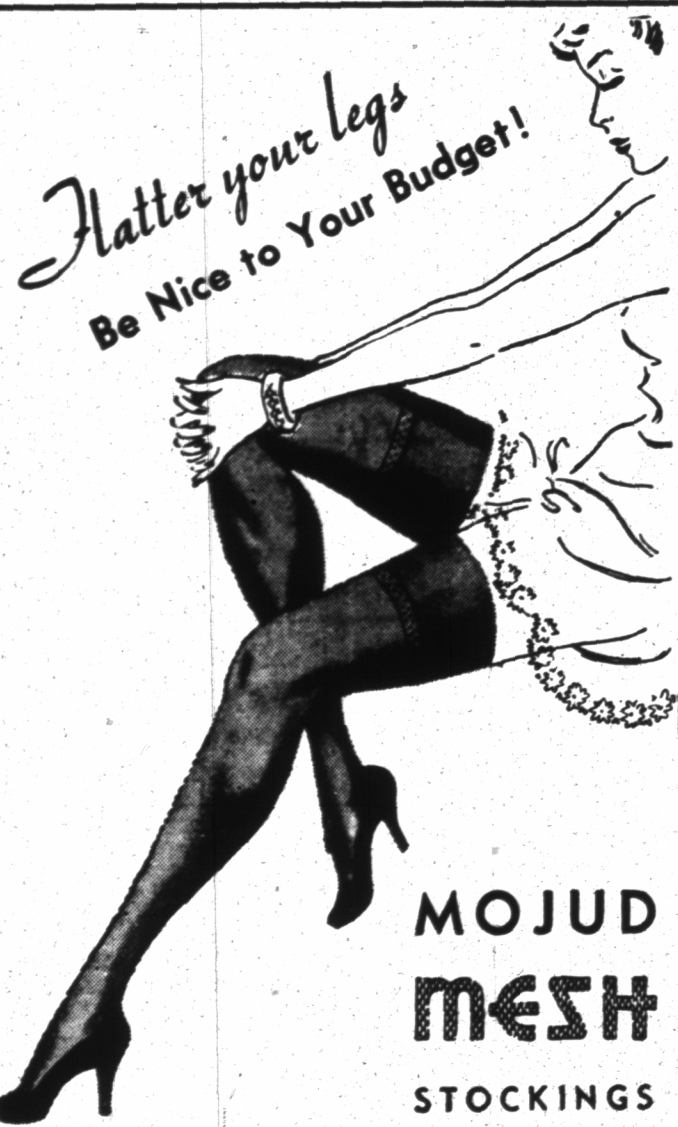
Monday—Cream spinach soup, string beans, rice bouillon, asparagus salad, ice cream.

Tuesday—Tomato bouillon, asparagus, candied sweet potatoes and bacon, cole slaw, apple sauce and cobbler.

Wednesday—Split pea soup, carrots, chili beans, candle salad, peach cobbler.

Thursday—Cocoa, peas, hamburgers, vegetable salad, jello.

Friday—Clam chowder, spinach, cheese couffle, mixed fruit salad, ice cream.



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